McKean County Miner.

EDGAR OLSON, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XXXIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1896. | NO. 51

Professional Directory.

Physicians

Dr. Harry C. Sindlinger,

DENTIST.

HOTELS

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McCLURE, Prop'r
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ARIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE,
Main street, Smethport, Pa.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
KANE, - PA.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
OLEAN, N. Y.

SARWELL HOUSE,
BRADFORD, PA.

HOTEL LAFAYETTE,
Corner Kane Place
BRADFORD, PA.

CROWELL HOUSE,
BRADFORD, PA.

BAYER HOUSE,
BRADFORD, PENNA.

FOSTER HOUSE,
W. J. FOSTER, Prop.
Lewis Run, Penna.

THE PALACE HOTEL,
OLEAN, N. Y.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
OLEAN, N. Y.

THOMPSON HOUSE,
BRADFORD, PA.

HENDERSON HOUSE,
Cor. Webster & Corydon Sts.
BRADFORD, PA.

EARLEY CAFE,
OLEAN, N. Y.

BARBER SHOP,
Alfred Sturdevant.
Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
Shaving Hair and Dressing
In the latest style of art.

Alfred Sturdevant, Surgeon Chiropodist. Corns removed in a few minutes without pain or soreness. Also treatment for Bunions and ingrowing nails.
BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

Churches

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

H. H. Metzton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Smethport, Pa.

Sherry & Knight,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Bradford, Pa.

CHAS. D. HAMLIN, JOHN C. KNIGHT
HAMLIN & KNIGHT,
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney, McKean county. Office on the Court House square, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan & Gallup,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office on the East Smethport Pa.

E. R. SHEHLMAN,
DIVISION ATTORNEY. Claims for all kinds of pensions given prompt attention. Office in Court House, Smethport, Pa.

H. E. Kennedy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office opposite Court House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.

M. H. Taylor,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Room 3 Masonic Temple Building, Bradford, Pa.

C. D. Judd,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Over 13 Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. Dec. 20, 1895

M. H. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Building connected with long distance telephone.

F. H. Cotter,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Eldred, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care.

A. M. HECK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Coudersport, Pa.
Office, N. E. cor. Main & Third Sts., in Mann & Brainard building.

H. E. Shaffer,
ATTORNEY AT-LAW,
KANE, PENNA.
Practices in all the Courts of the State, and in the United States Courts.
Office in Schoberer Block.

JOHN DONOHAN, JOHN DONOHAN
DONOHAN & DONOHOO,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Coudersport, Pa.
Office corner Main and Third Streets.

N. R. Collins & Co.,
88 Main St., BRADFORD, PA.,
Proprietors of the
Celebrated "Gold Leaf" Whiskies,
And Wholesale Dealers in
Imported and Domestic Liquors.
We guarantee sales to be satisfactory.
Goods plainly boxed and sealed if desired.
Correspondence solicited.
Send for Price Lists.

Snow, Sleighing Soon Snow, Snow, Etc. MAMMOTH ASSORTMENT

Oak Leather Harness & Carriage Co.,
192 Union Street,
OLEAN, N. Y.
GRAY HORSE.

ORLO L. BARD
East Smethport
Successor to H. S. Allen
Keeps in stock a fine line of
GROCERIES
PROVISIONS
TOBACCO
and CIGARS.
Fresh Fruit
OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
Canned Fruit
OF EVERY KIND A SPECIALTY.
Be Sure To Call.

Books!
I have them all
For
Christmas.
H. C. Wells.
Smethport Pa

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

BLACKSMITH SHOP,
GEORGE HOWE, Proprietor,
East Smethport, Pa.
Having opened business in the above place, I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing of wagons, horseshoeing &c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. E. STICKLES,
Racket Store, East Smethport
MOTHERS!
Will you find it forget to visit the
CHILDREN'S BAZAAR,
THE CHILDREN'S BAZAAR,
179 Union St.,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Dont fail to Call
SILVER.
We are ready to talk Columbia prices and styles for 1897
M. L. Armstrong.

Mansfield State Normal School

Intellectual and practical training for teachers. Five courses of study besides preparatory. Special attention given to preparation for College, Academic and Civil Service examinations. Graduates admitted to best colleges on certificate. Great advantages for special study in Art and Music. Model school of three hundred and fifty pupils. Corps of sixteen teachers. Beautiful grounds. Magnificent buildings. Large ground for athletics. Elocution. Infirmary with skilful nurse. Fine gymnasium. Everything furnished at average cost to normal students of $163 a year. Fall term, Aug. 25, winter term, Nov. 23, spring term, March 31. Students admitted to classes at any time. For catalogue, or stamping full information, apply to

S. H. ALDRO, Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

A MASTERLESS MAID

A maid there was with my heart in my keeping
I was for the words, as I'll not have it again,
With gladness my part in wh ch others know weeping
And mirth for my song, but k where she is not

With sweet unwilling ness I asked her by a vow
(And I would keep to its fairness his little gifts to me)
Twixt me and the sunshine the eyes of me
I ever

All soft toss ewaking, I laugh and go free

At whim purple hills and the music of the ocean

But I wear my thoughts what that future may be

The lark's sky-l ness within the violet's lowly spring

For I wander thing I've wished or I sing

Yet sometimes I linger and hush in my singing
As I wait for the pain my heart steadily feels
As I catch when I hear lady laughter soft rising
As I wonder if my freed m is sweet

Yet sometimes come wasting un asked and unbidden
When cold falls to the sunlight athwart the pane
And down in the dusk and I kn l face fast in
And kiss the kind earth be y footsteps will pass

—London Spectator

THE BOY OF THE BAND

Boy Sladen of the band lay ill of fever and the hospital orderly who had wide experience in these things had told the colonel that he was mortal bad. "It is now Time is, sir," said the orderly. "It is much if he goes the week through."

He colonel looked curiously at the orderly. "And why for the sake of a woman," he demanded.

"It is the strange part of it, sir," returned the orderly. "Ever since the week the regiment he s Londonskin for a woman—talkin' of how he gave her his watch and how he thinked of her, and if he could live to get back to Bo ne, ere that grew cold and forgot her, and how that when he died he'd like to be buried with her locket on his breast."

"It really my that?" asked the colonel.

"The words I've told you are the very words he used, sir," said the orderly.

"Then he shall have one," said the colonel, and he acted on the orderly's report to the Nurses' institution and in the tones that he adopted when ordering goods from the town he desired the matron to send to the barracks at once a young and pretty nurse for Boy Sladen of the band. Within an hour a gentle nurse, wearing a suit of black cloak and a dainty bonnet passed the sentry on the main guard on her way to the hospital. The sentry stared a moment at the apparition then stood to it upright and feeling that an unusual spectacle called for unusual honors presented arms.

Nurse Gaughan stepped softly up to the bed in which Boy Sladen lay and put her cool hand on his forehead. The heavy eyelids were raised, and Boy Sladen looked with dull astonishment at her face.

Who are you?" he asked in a feeble voice.

"I am Nurse Gaughan," she answered. "But don't speak again. You mustn't talk. The more you keep quiet the sooner you'll get well."

Boy Sladen laughed a curious little laugh.

"Get well—be school. Not this journey. The doctor's given me up—I heard him tell Dennis, the orderly, that it was all up with the lad. He thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. Has there been no letter for you?"

Nurse Gaughan nodded.

"Is it good?" asked the boy. "It is all I care. I said I wanted a woman to love me. Their arms and eyes and lips are all alike the same are they?"

Nurse Gaughan shook her head. Her brown hair of colonial wave burned, and powder would have guessed at the boy's jest—if they were all friends.

"There now, you must go to sleep or I must the colonel will be angry," she said as she made believe to smooth his pillow.

"I will try," said Boy Sladen, and he closed his eyes.

Some flowers were on the mantelpiece and a little table near the bed, while on the wall facing Boy Sladen was a colored picture of the famous drummer boy upon whom a host of plant mikes of his missing opposite wall were gazing in seeming admiration. Into was the work of Ernest Dennis and he thought of all as he stood and gazed at the picture. Quartermaster and gazed drummer at the hospital.

The heart of the hospital orderly was heavy with him as he gazed. He had been ill and his charge had been taken from him, and the boy was to die with the hands of strangers. Dennis's powers were in the hospital. It was Dennis's affection which had prompted the idea of the gorgeous drummer and Dennis's saintly hands that had brought its print.

Dennis sighed, for a friendship as strong as it was strange had grown up between him and the boy. The darling wish of the lad was to become a drummer, and with the splendid staff of office and the great ambition of the print it was to qualify for noncommissioned rank. And so they helped each other Dennis telling all he knew of military duty and Boy Sladen instructing Dennis in subjects with which he had to be familiar if he wished to get promotion.

The orderly stepped softly back into the hospital—so softly that Nurse Gaughan, who was looking at the little patient, did not hear him, and she started when she turned and saw him.

"I've come back," began Dennis, "to see if we couldn't make some arrangement about the boy."

Nurse Gaughan was silent still and stared helplessly.

"I've watched an card for him up to this point," continued Dennis in a low voice, "an I don't quite see that it's right for a stranger to come in an take all the work out of a man's hands, especially such a man as me, for I'm a sort of father, mother an brother to him. I was by his father's body when the Pay thans left him, an it was a shot from my rifle that brought down the man who killed him. That's the reason why Boy Sladen took to me even before the colonel, an that's why, first and foremost, I've a claim to see to the wants an wishes of the boy."

Nurse Gaughan could not understand. This speech was too great a puzzle for her to unravel, and she still kept silence.

"That bein so," continued the orderly, "I think we ought to come to some arrangement."

Nurse Gaughan murmured, "Certainly, if you wish," and Dennis went away contented.

The arrangement that had been made answered well, and Boy Sladen, watched incessantly and closely, wanted for nothing. But his stay on earth was limited, and both Nurse Gaughan and Private Dennis knew it. To Nurse Gaughan he became friendly and confidential as the week wore on, and his greatest pleasure was to draw a picture of himself as the drum major.

"You know what the drum major is, nurse?" he asked one day.

"Yes," replied Nurse Gaughan readily forgetting for the moment Boy Sladen's ambition.

"Some day, nurse," continued Boy Sladen, "for I'm getting stronger now, and I shall soon be able to get out of bed, I shall march at the head of ours as drum major. Then when I'm a man you'll see me go past, and you'll say to your husband and children, for it'll be some time yet, see, that a Boy Sladen of the band, that I nursed through a fever. And I shall know what you say, although I shan't be able to look. I'm certain that if you're about I shall know."

But," said Nurse Gaughan, "hadn't you better go to sleep? Do try and rest a little."

"I don't want to go to sleep," said Boy Sladen. "Why, the men'll be parading soon. Even if I went to sleep I should wake up as soon as I heard the band play and the tramp of the feet. I'll go to sleep when they've left barracks. That'll be two hours yet. Won't you try and go to sleep a bit, nurse. You look so tired and worn out. Do try or I'll feel I'm a nuisance."

"Nurse's main duty is to do duty," said Nurse Gaughan, "but I'll sit in the chair if that will please you."

"Well, do that, then," said Boy Sladen.

Nurse Gaughan, weary with watching, felt a drowsiness steal over her that she could not conquer. She glanced more than once at her charge, but he made no sign of wanting her help, and when she last looked his eyes were closed and he seemed to be asleep. No sound broke the silence, and Nurse Gaughan then closed her eyes and slumbered.

Boy Sladen's sleep was short and troubled. His delirium was returning, and when he woke he started up in bed and looked wildly about. Nurse Gaughan slept on, and Boy Sladen, hearing the shuffling of feet outside, cast the bedclothes silently from him and crept noiselessly to the window. He saw the men falling in and a mad idea seized him. He glanced at the nurse, who slumbered still, then crept softly past her and was on the way outside ran swiftly toward the battalion. He was in rear of the men, and no one saw him coming.

The drum major, pompous in demeanor and rig in the wealth of gold and scarlet that age and years people gave him, had taken up his post at the head of the band. The staff, with the great silver ornament at the head of it, was gracefully dancing against his tunic, and the drum major was pulling on his white gloves just a shade more, for the women were watching from the married quarters. Suddenly the staff was wrenched away and looking in stupid amazement for the cause he saw Boy Sladen standing beside him, clad only in his nightshirt, barebacked and barefooted.

A wild light was shining in Boy Sladen's eyes. He plunged the staff firmly on the ground at arm's length, then twirled it and his head as he had seen the drum major twirl it, and before any one had time to speak he cried, "Strike up the March of Gordon's Own!" He stepped out gravely, as the drum major did, and turned the staff rhythmically and in grim evil strokes in the air.

He was humming the tune as he marched when Nurse Gaughan, startled and terrified, ran across the parade toward him. She seized the staff, and bewildered while at its magnificence and the strong terror of the drum major, flung it to the ground and putting her arms around Boy Sladen she lifted his little wasted form and bore it into the hospital.

The colonel's quick eye had caught Boy Sladen's words. "It's the last favor he'll ever need," he muttered, and he repeated the command.

Then were beaten bravely, the band played melodiously, and the regimental martial music resounded the gravel of the March of Gordon's Own.

But Boy Sladen of the band was satisfied. He had ambition.—Strand Magazine.

The Earliest American Coins.

The very earliest coinage that can be called American was ordered by the Virginia company and was minted in the Bermudas in the year 1612. At that time a fine long tract after tobacco was the standard currency in Virginia. In 1619 however the Virginia assembly, after "mature thinking, that it" had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quantity (coin) would be to the colony, and the great wants and misery which did daily happen unto it by solely grinding on tobacco," provided for the issue of copper coins of the denominations of twopence, threepence, sixpence and ninepence, but nothing whatever came now and carrying out the law.

Seven years later, in May, 1652 the "general court" of Massachusetts passed a law which created a "mint house" in Boston, and which directed that a regular coinage be established. The coins provided for by this law were, in the quaint language of the old statutes, "to be 12 pence, 6 pence and 3 pence pieces, which shall be for forme flatte and stamped on one side with N E, and on the other side with the characters xii, vi and iii, according to the value of each piece." This Boston mint was the one which produced the famous "oak tree" and "pine tree shillings," which are highly valued by collectors of old coins and which have sold as high as $25 each. This early mint continued in operation for 34 years. During the reign of William and Mary copper coins were struck at this mint for the Carolinas as well as for New England in general. The first coins struck for Maryland were silver shillings, sixpence and fourpence pieces, which Lord Baltimore caused to be minted in London.—St. Louis Republic.

Russia's Greatest Ambition.

In Constantinople centers the vastest ambitions of the race of czars. For over a century the great white power has descended toward the queen of cities. Over mountains has she come, hostile peoples has she subdued, treaties has she made and treaties has she torn up, armies has she raised and navies built, wars has she waged and countries has she absorbed in her march. On the surface her policy has changed so often that the story of them would be a tapestry for variegation. At heart it has never altered one iota. She is coming to the Mediterranean, and she is coming there through the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. Her purpose is as fixed as fate, and she is prepared to be as patient as Providence in its accomplishment. But no long as she exists she will never relinquish it. Bit by bit Turkey has rotted, step by step the Cossack, with his cross, has advanced. Today he is almost within striking distance.—Henry Norman in Cosmopolis.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster, we went to Oxford together—to Balliol, we took our degrees together in the classical (honors) school and were ordained together by the Bishop of L——, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town, still single at 35, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town and married.

We were talking in my study as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article, 'Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets From Each Other?' I said "No," Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often that we differed in opinion, but this was the case anyhow.

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one if you like. Through," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two."

"Thanks Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I am only curious to know the case, and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"It was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it I might have turned out a regular 'society clergyman.' As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were more than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called The Cedars in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshiped both of them.

"I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course I could not say so at once and whether, after two or three meetings on the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love and reciprocated it I could not then say.

I found upon judicious inquiries that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood, that she was now 24, that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the continent for his health, also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. The two facts were, of course, only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart searching and debating within myself I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it beyond saying that it was one summer morning, rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds, and, after talking, as we walked along, on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt and had told her I was coming tomorrow for her approval. Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious frame of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me. My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even if it were a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be long ere I got out Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married. It was preposterous.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me.

"'Oh, Mr Bourn, this is shocking.'

"'I was more puzzled than ever. Why my engagement to Ella should be shocking I couldn't see, and I no doubt, expressed it in my looks.

"'So sudden, too, sir,' said the woman. 'Nobody expected it.'

"'Whatever is the matter' said I.

"'Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead. No. Oh, dear! Poor thing. Had a fit in the night, doctor says, was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at 9 o'clock this morning.'

"My heart sank. I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was 'my poor, lonely darling, Ella.'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and as she had already accepted me we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances. Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times, and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"'You seem pleased to see me?' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152. 'I am glad you've come. I hardly expected you would, considering how stand offish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not till tomorrow.'

"'There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor.'

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by. Howson I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was any thing I could do for him.

"'Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly like to ask you.' His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"'Go on,' said I. 'I'll do it if possible.'

"'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good, but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead I shall die happy.'

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I. 'What is it?'

"'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 152. 'Ah,' said he smiling, 'I thought that would astonish you.'

"'Take care of my wife.' I gazed at him in amazement. 'Why, of course I shall. But what is that to you?'

"'A great deal,' said he.

"'Why?'

"'Because she's—my daughter.'

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said slowly

"'Sit down, sir, please. I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton. I am all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see, I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, sir, I did often desire—to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I know better than to have them on my track if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true.'

"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!

"'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he. She has never known. Don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?' and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"My senses had somewhat returned.

"'No,' said I, 'of course not. I am half dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it does not alter my love for Ella.'

"'Thank God,' he said. 'And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die—just one?'

"'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, if you'll leave it to me.'

"'I will. God bless you, Mr. Bourn.'

"I left him. When I got home, Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was—overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no—few—friends, told me today how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'

"'Certainly, my darling.'

"And, with eyes full of tears, she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know. Did he?

"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"'You're right, dear old Jim,' said I as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear dimmed eyes. 'You're right old fellow, and God bless you both.'"—Birmingham News.

An Unexpected Greeting.

The gentle Elsie sat drearily in the gloaming in the front room.

She was very miserable, for on the previous night she had had words with her own, and now she fears her haughty Harold will not call.

She hears a step, a ring, a voice she knows and some one speaking to the servants in the hall.

She will not wait until a light is brought, but gently calls, "Come in."

The visitor enters, and, with a sigh of awful volume the fair Elsie casts herself into his arms and softly murmurs:

"Oh, my darling, I am so glad you have come. I have so wanted to make it up and settle."

And he of the embrace remarked:

"Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm very glad, too, that you're going to settle up at last."

It was the gas collector.—Spare Moments.

Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek colliery is worked by one man, T. Bolitho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small but to him valuable coal mine. There is another small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. The have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.—Exchange.

English Stubbornness.

English pigheadedness was shown in a recent block of 80 boats on the Grand Junction canal in Northamptonshire, the captains of two barges arriving at a small lock from opposite directions each insisting on going through first. Over 100 canalboats were kept waiting till one of the men gave way by order of the proprietor of his boat.

Getting Civilized.

The Cherokee Indians of Kingfisher, O. T., have organized a professional football team. How is that for Lo?—Chicago Times-Herald.

WANAMAKER WILL WIN.

The People Have Made His Fight Their Fight.

CERTAIN ASSURANCE OF VICTORY

That Ex-Postmaster General John Wanamaker Will Succeed Cameron in the Senate of the United States Does Not Admit of a Doubt.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 15.—The Hon. John Wanamaker will be the next United States senator for Pennsylvania. Those who are conducting his campaign have certain assurance of this. It is not an idle boast, the men who are promoting his interests are not wont to judge rashly or to speak hastily. They express their knowledge with a quiet confidence that carries conviction with it. They decline, and wisely perhaps, to give "estimates." Now they know their strength and they are content in that knowledge.

It isn't a political victory. It is a triumph of the people, who have expressed their will so strongly that their representatives in the legislature know what is expected of them, and have pledged themselves to obey the desires of their constituents. During the week these pledges have been received thick and fast, and now there is no longer a doubt as to the outcome. John Wanamaker has many more votes pledged to him, and pledged without solicitation, than are necessary to insure his election. Now that the current has been established his strength will rapidly increase, so that not only will he be elected, but he will receive a vote that will be most flattering.

The solicitation, if such it may be called, has been done by the people. They have declared for Wanamaker, and their representatives are but their agents, and they know it. The persuasion of the "bosses" has been futile in the effort to induce the representatives to disobey the command of the popular will. Such a course would mean oblivion. It was aptly expressed by a member from an interior county who said: "I am desirous of an honorable political future. To succeed in my ambition I must obey my constituents. What service could a 'boss' do me who lives 200 miles away? What good could he do me, against the will of the people, if he lived in my county?"

This is the sentiment, mildly expressed no doubt, but forcible. It shows that the people have won the fight for an able statesman and a capable business man to represent them in the senate. They have carried the day. Wanamaker's success is assured and his supporters who have knowledge of this fact are consequently much elated. It proves once more that the will of the people, when clearly expressed, is law. On this question the people expressed themselves most emphatically, and the victory is their victory, and they may congratulate themselves upon having made certain of a representative in the senate who will do them credit and thereby reflect high honor upon the greatest state in the Union.

INDORSE WANAMAKER

Republicans of Muncy and Vicinity Pass Strong Resolutions.

MUNCY, Dec 15.—At a public meeting of the Republicans of this borough and vicinity Clinton Lloyd was elected president and Fred Peterman secretary of this branch of the National League of Business Men. George H Rogers presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

"Whereas, By expiration of the term of office the seat of the Hon. J D Cameron will soon become vacant, and his successor will be named at the next meeting of the state legislature and

"Whereas The depression in the business, manufacturing mining and agricultural interests in this grand old commonwealth of Pennsylvania demand the selection of a man of integrity and strength of character wide experience in public affairs and full practical knowledge of the business of the country to represent us in the upper house of congress, therefore be it

"Resolved, By this meeting of the businessmen of Muncy and vicinity, that we hail with great pleasure and a feeling of assurance of success congratulation that Hon. John Wanamaker has consented to stand as a candidate for this office believing, as we do that no man in the state today stands higher in the estimation of the industrial classes. His national state and private history reveal to him the elements which stamp him as a man pre-eminently fitted to give us a creditable and efficient representation.

"Resolved, That we will use every honorable means at our command to promote his election and to this end we do urgently request our representatives-elect to the next legislature, Hon J B Cargell, Hon J W King and Hon J C Wilson, to work and vote for the election of Mr Wanamaker as United States senator, believing that thereby they will be serving the highest interests of the commonwealth and their constituency.

DECLARED FOR WANAMAKER

Coatesville Business Men Put Themselves on Record.

COATESVILLE Dec. 15.—A local branch of the Business Men's National league has been organized here with over 200 of the most prominent people of the town and vicinity subscribing their names. A. F Huston was elected president, J W Thompson vice president, and James Shallcross secretary. The league adopted the principles of the national league and indorsed John Wanamaker for United States senator. President Huston said he hoped to have all good citizens, whether laborers, merchants or mechanics, enrolled in the league, and that professional politicians would keep out.

Winter Suits.

Make your selection from our varied assortment of modest, genteel suits. Our business suits have wearing properties that make them all wool wonders—$6.50, $8, $10, $12.

Overcoat values unequalled elsewhere.

Greenewald's,
124 MAIN STREET,
Bradford.

A Pair of Club Skates Free with every Boys' Suit or Overcoat.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, DEC. 18 1896

ANNOUNCEMENTS

[illegible] announce that I am a candidate for re-nomination as Supervisor of Keating [illegible] subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

W. J. BACKSTROM.

Keating Valley, Nov. 18 1896.

To the Voters, Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JAMES W. BURNETT.

Smethport, Nov. 20 '96.

To the Voters, Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES [illegible]

Smethport, Nov. 20 '96.

To the Voters, Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

[illegible]

Smethport, Nov. 20 '96.

[illegible]

For

CHRISTMAS

We have made extensive preparations for the coming

GIFT SEASON,

and as a result of our efforts we are showing a line of

Holiday Attractions

which far outstrips our previous endeavors to supply the demand for

SUITABLE PRESENTS

which go to make glad the hearts of

Old and Young

on that memorable day, the

25th of December.

In addition to our other departments which are overflowing with

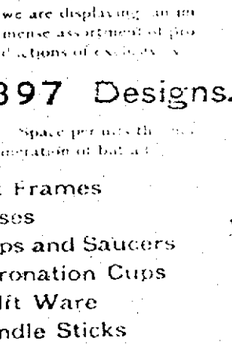
STAPLE GOODS,

we are displaying an immense assortment of productions of exclusive

1897 Designs.

Space prevents the enumeration of but a few

Art Frames
Vases
Cups and Saucers
Coronation Cups
Delft Ware
Candle Sticks
Toast Dishes
Fancy Olive Dishes
Stamp Trays
Tooth Pick Holders
Fruit Knives
Individual Cream Pitchers
Dolls
Toys
Books
Booklets
Bookmarkers
Epworth League Badges
Jewelry
Hair Pins
Pocket Books
Handkerchiefs
Fancy Silks
New Silkolines
Neckwear.



Largest Assortment.
Right Prices.

Coats and Fur Capes,

Fur Trimmings
Angora and Thibet Setts.
(FOR CHILDREN.)

Our

SHOE DEPARTMENT

is well stocked with
UP-TO-DATE FOOTWEAR.

The

Grocery Department

is complete offering all the season's delicacies.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Smethport, Pa.

Mention the Mirror when writing or calling.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second class matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1896.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

We do not publish next week, Thursday, Dec. 24, being Christmas day.

Dr. Salon will be in Smethport Jan. 5 and 6, 1897, at the Fourth ward.

Notice of the sale of Mrs. [illegible] drug store appears on fourth page.

Mrs. [illegible] is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Mrs. [illegible] is entertaining company from Buffalo.

Mrs. [illegible] is visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

The [illegible] Band will give a concert in the Opera House on Christmas night.

[illegible] Bros. will have a fine display of Christmas goods in their window.

[illegible] Bros. will have a fine display of Christmas goods in their window.

[illegible] Bros. will have a fine display of Christmas goods in their window

Seely's New Society Perfume, Ave Maria, is an exquisite production of daintiness. It is a Society Fad among refined people from ocean to ocean, and is considered the proper thing by all persons who give perfume using more than a passing thought. Sprays from an Ave Maria atomizer captivate you at once, and, by the way, if you are at all interested in "Soap Nicety" and perfection, let us show you Seely's Almond Milk Soap, the great skin beautifier. Fine enough for Queen Victoria, but not a bit too nice for you. Our price, 15c a cake. Money cheerfully given back if you yourself do not think it the equal of any 25c Soap in the market.

THE PALACE PHARMACY.

A. W. Colegrove, Props.

Just Received

A large and complete line of

Ladies' Cloaks and Capes!

All New Styles for Coming Winter at

J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Mention the *Miner* when writing or calling.

FOOTWEAR FOR CHRISTMAS.

A Large Assortment for Ladies and Gentlemen Received this Week.

Lamb's Wool Soles

For Knit Slippers for Christmas Gifts

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, Rubbers

Try Our Shoe Dressing.

Call Here for Ladies, Children or Gentlemen

ALBERT ANDERSON,

Cellar Block, Smethport, Pa.

SPECHT & SASSE,

THE OLD RELIABLE

FURNITURE DEALERS,

Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock bottom.

Do not fail to give them a call.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JONES & CHURCH,

Fresh and Salt Meats,

Sausage, Poultry, Vegetables, Apples, Fresh Fish, Oysters, Home-Made Mince Meat,

Highest cash price paid for

Fat Stock, Poultry, Hides Pelts, Etc.

WILLIAMS' OLD STAND.

LUMBER YARD.

Do you know that

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Have the finest and most complete stock of all kinds of

Building Materials

To be found in McKean County.

Two Grades of HEMLOCK, PINE AND RED CEDAR SHINGLES.

Our Washington Red Cedar are without doubt the best lasting shingle ever sold anywhere.

We have everything you can possibly want to build with in stock, in all grades. Come and see us. We are always glad to show our goods.

Smethport Mills.

Boss and Pillsbury's Flour.

Feed from $15 to $18 per ton

Shelled Corn, Buckwheat flour, Wheat, Grain, Poultry Food, Oyster shells, Oil meal for horses.

A full line or grain of all kinds kept on hand. Can furnish rebanned Oats at 35 cents a bushel. I invite you all to call and get prices before buying else where.

Custom grinding done promptly, and all orders filled as soon as they can be

Corner Mill and Mechanic Sts.

C. E. BARRETT.

OUR WINTER SUITINGS AND FASHION PLATES

Are now ready for your inspection. Come in and make your selections.

H. W. RUBIN & CO

A SCION OF THE BLOOD.

The Hon. Boies Penrose Has Great Claims to Distinction.

The Hon Boies Penrose is an illustrious man. He himself has said it. The state of Pennsylvania will rejoice when it reads the autobiographical sketch as widely distributed to learn that he comes from a long line of illustrious ancestors and is descended from some of the best stock of New England. The Hon. Boies Penrose never loses an opportunity to advertise the fact that his blood is blue, and that he is one of the "kid glove" aristocracy. In the same sketch he is careful to tell of the achievements of his great grandfather, J. S. Boies. His great grandfather on the paternal side, Clement Biddle Penrose, and his grandfather Charles Bingham Penrose.

It is possible that the business men the farmers, the miners and the hard fisted laboring man will all fasten to the him Sumaps. They should be happy for the privilege of loading their aid to a man as illustrious as the Hon. Boies Penrose proclaims himself to be. A man who can glory in his grandfather must certainly be the man the people should follow. The Hon. Boies Penrose and nobody thinks an else he would not make such a point of it.

But there are ungrateful people in the world. People who have the audacity to believe that the fact of their blue blood entitles them to no favors in politics. It seems to run in the Penrose family and makes what is known as a "point of it."